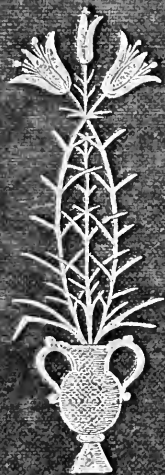


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THE TALK OF THE HOUSEHOLD.



The Talk of the Household:

P O E M S.

BY

M A R I A N R I C H A R D S O N.

L O N D O N :

S. STRAKER & SONS, 26, LEADENHALL STREET.

—
1865.

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D E D I C A T I O N .

TO WHOM SHALL THIS SMALL TRIBUTE DEDICATED BE ?
SO MANY LOVES WITHIN MY HEART HOLD SWAY :
FIRST THOU, MY OTHER SELF, WHOSE STRONG TRUE HEART
HAS BEEN MY PILOT OVER ALL THE WAY ;
THEN YE, DEAR HONORED GUIDES OF EARLY YEARS—
FATHER AND MOTHER—THRO' WHOSE LOVE WERE SHED
THE SEEDS WHICH SPRINGING INTO LIGHT HAVE STREWN
THESE LOWLY BLOSSOMS O'ER THE PATH I TREAD ;
AND YE, MY CHILDREN, WHO IN AFTER YEARS
MAY DEARLY PRIZE THESE RECORDS OF OUR DAY
WHEN THEY HAVE SUNK TO SILENCE IN THE PAST,
AND SHE WHO WROTE THEM MAY HAVE PASSED AWAY.

Lancaster House,

Peckham Rye.

July, 1865.

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Heroes.

THE World is proud to trace their names
Upon her storied page,
They are the stars whose glowing light
Illumine every age.
Bright from the buried past their deeds
In undimmed lustre shine,
And shining on, shall still endure,
Remembered thro' all Time.

Who are they? Lo! a solemn crowd
Comes to the mental gaze
Of Mighty Ones; from Time's young years,
E'en to these later days:

Some who have strode with conquering feet
Through a deep crimson flood,
And worn at last a Victor's crown
Bought with the price of blood.

Some who have given Youth's fair hopes,
And Manhood's golden prime,
And all life's latest years to win
Some treasures for their time.
And some who fearless dared to raise
Truth's standard proud and high
In those dark times, when Truth confessed
But led them forth to die.

These on the mountain's gilded crest—
But, lo! the vales below
Bear impress of heroic feet
The World may never know.
For many hidden lives of Toil,
Obscure, unsung, unknown,
Shine radiant in the narrow sphere,
Content, they call their own.

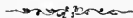
Some who have learned in darkest hours
To work, and wait for day
With patient hope—tho' clouds and storms
Hung over all the way ;
Some who have reckoned Duty done
An all-sufficient price—
Some who have triumphed over Self,
Nor called it sacrifice.

For needs it not a hero's heart
To chain Ambitions down
To the flow wheels of dull routine,
And patiently work on?
To see Youth's glittering rainbow dreams
Fade silently away,
And yet be thankful for the gifts
Still strewn upon the way.

To bear through weary days and nights,
A bosom's load of grief,
To crush the sorrow down, and find
In *Work* its best relief ;

And even spare a tender hand
To clear the thorny way,
For bleeding feet, and breaking hearts
Of wanderers gone astray.

So—tho' to Fame's bright muster-roll
We lift a reverent eye,
And hope to catch some golden gleams
To light our footsteps by ;
Yet humbler lives perchance fulfil
The same divine behest,
And he a *Hero too may be*
Who nobly does his best.



Common Things.

FULL oft the Poet's star-tuned harp
 To noble themes has swept the strings,
 But mine shall take a lowlier strain,
 And sing the worth of Common Things.

Yes; common things: the daily round
 Of Life's small duties nobly done,
 May shed more brightness o'er the path
 Than ever Poet harped or sung.

Ye who must toil, stay not to grieve
 That Labour is your daily lot,
 But know your toil-stained hands may hold
 Gifts that the rich man knoweth not.

For common toil, well done, may bring
 Rest sweeter than might else be known;
 And sorrow loses half its sting
 When men must work the heart-throbs down.

Though far beyond our reach may rise
Summits we may not hope to gain ;
The common path is bright with flowers,
And Beauty smiles upon the plain.

For lo ! ten thousand glorious things
To hearts that feel, and eyes that see,
Are woven in that wondrous web—
A Human Life's grand mystery.

For us the sunlit morning hours,
The gold shed o'er the death of day,
The hush of eve, the silent night,
The placid moonlight's silver ray.

And radiant stars, whose holy eyes,
Like angel-watchers of the night,
Look down alike on hut and hall,
And shed their calm and peaceful light.

And nearer yet, the lowliest life
Some dear heart-treasures may enfold
Tho' common things ; Hearth, Home, and Love
More precious are than gems or gold.

If not for all, for most there beams
The brightness of some baby-face ;
For most there waits some kindly smiles,
Some loving words, some fond embrace.

We will be thankful then for all,
And seize the blessings each day brings,
For pure life's happiness distils
Its sweetest drops from Common Things.

— and then —

Woman's Duties.—Woman's Mission.

WOMAN! thou needest no glory-wreaths
 To glitter o'er thy name ;
 'Tis not for thee to hurry on
 In mad pursuit of Fame ;
 For lo ! thou hast a nobler sphere
 In that bright spot called Home,
 Where thou may'st reign, and hold supreme
 A Queendom all thine own.

What need Ambition be to thee,
 Whose tasks, not light or few,
 Embrace ambitions high enough
 For thee to battle through ;
 Not trifling things are Faith and Love
 And self-denying zeal,
 And Woman's pride of losing self
 In other's woe or weal

And not ignoble is thy lot ;
E'en in the daily round
Of petty cares and common things
Some glory may be found.
For duties met and well-fulfilled,
Bring to a loving heart
A sweeter sense of happiness
Than aught else can impart.

'Tis thine to cheer the weary one
When Heart and Hope cast down,
He turns his fainting heart away
From Life's unpitying frown.
And should the stronger spirit fail
Of its best inward light,
Thy quick perception, all in love,
Should gently point The Right.

A thousand-stringèd harp is thine
To wake the first sweet chords,
When childhood smiles upon thy life,
And lips its simple words ;

'Tis thine to catch the first lit smile,
To mark each baby-grace,
And gently lead the tottering steps
Life's after-path to trace.

No lot so lonely, but thou may'st
An influence impart;
The pulse of Man's more stirring life
If not the Head—the Heart;
In deeds of kindness, works of good,
A helper firm to stand;
For Life's sweet charities to stretch
A ready, willing hand.

This much, and more, is thine; so let
The outside world in vain
Allure thee from thy sheltered path
With Pleasure, or with Fame.
Hold fast thy silken reins aright,
Thy quiet life shall be
A source of blessing widely spread,
A crown of light for thee.

Charing Cross.

TRUTH ; ours are busy stirring times—
 A stirring, working age—
 Scant room there'll be for Soft Romance
 Upon our History's page.
 So mufed I, as with lightning fpeed
 I on my way was borne,
 And through the City's mighty midft
 With multitudes fwep on.

On, pafst a world of wondrous things
 My curious, gazing eye
 Looked on with wonder, almoft awe,
 The fcenes that paffed me by.
 Not glories of a bygone age,
 But piles of princely grace,
 Where mighty Commerce fits enthroned
 Grand monarch of the place.

The miles of streets, all canopied
With interlacing wire,
Where the trained lightning waits to work
At mortal man's desire;
And the broad river, bridged, and spanned,
Begirt, and overhung,
With wondrous works of strength and skill
Across its pathway flung.

An iron age—all work and noise.
Yet does my heart not own,
Some glory in these fame great works
Which crowd our busy Town?
And feel a throb of grateful pride
For all the patient toil
Of head, and hand, which thus has reared
Such trophies on our foil.

But 'midst the wonders—what is this?
The gazing eye may trace
A structure not ordained for use—
'This cross of antique grace.

Antique, yet fresh and fair it stands,
In the bright sunset glow,
To tell the passing crowd a tale
Of many a year ago.

Of how in ages rough and rude
True love so bright could shine,
That its warm glow has even reached
Unto this later time.
And lo! the busy world has paused
Upon its stern career,
To mark where wept the Soldier King
Beside the "dear Queen's" bier.

O let the sweet tradition still
Its pleasant fragrance fling,
And let us feel that faithful love
Is still a cherished thing ;
Not only for the past held dear,
Is this memorial stone,
Our thoughts fly to our own dear Queen
Who sits in grief alone.

And as its silent shadow falls
 Across the crowded way,
The ancient story comes again
 Lit by a brighter ray ;
For shined in *our* heart of hearts
 Is Albert's memory ;
And *now*, as then, we softened feel
 True love can never die.

~~and then~~

Dead Flowers on a Grave.

AH! ye were bright, when loving hands
 Bestowed ye on the tomb,
 Fresh from the garden's starry host,
 With summer on your bloom ;
 And mourning hearts and weeping eyes
 With fond and gentle care,
 Laid the last offering of their love
 To fade, and perish there.

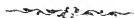
They came with memories of a form,
 A loved and cherished one ;
 A sunny smile for ever passed,
 A voice of music gone.
 Methinks I see their wistful gaze
 Bent o'er the hallowed spot,
 And catch the broken whispered words—
 "She ne'er shall be forgot."

But now, fair flowers, in your dead bloom
I read a silent tale,
How dearest memories must fade,
And deepest love must fail;
A bitter thought might whisper now,
It is the common lot
To live, to love, and then to die,
And be at last—forgot.

But no! tho' on the crested waves
Of sorrow some are borne,
A voice Divine hath spoken it,
“Man shall not always mourn;”
Hands must not ever folded be
In mute and passive woe;
The sunshine cometh after rain,
And God hath willed it so.

Still must Life's common road be trod
Tho' fairest things have fled,
And we must live, and care for still
The Living, not the Dead.

Well that 'tis so; for One who lulled
The sleepers to their rest,
Has loved them more than we can love,
Therefore, it must be best.
And lo! for us a silver star
Pierces the midnight gloom;
E'en Immortality which shines
Triumphant o'er the tomb.



Obden's Return.

(After the Ratification of the French Treaty.)

RISE, Men of Britain—ye who boast
 Your Country fair and free,—
 The land that reigns in regal pride,
 Crowned Empress of the Sea!
 First among nations in her power,
 Her liberty, her lore,—
 Shout welcome as her Patriot Son
 Regains his native shore.
 Ye proudly count the noble names
 Of England's Hero-Sons,
 Placed high upon the muster-roll
 Of Earth's exalted ones.
 Full oft your thousand spires have pealed
 A Nation's glad acclaim
 To those, who, on the field of blood
 Have earned a victor's name :

We honour, too, the true and brave,
Who, foremost in the strife,
For Hearth, and Home, and Liberty,
Have freely ventured life ;
But o'er their glory comes a cloud,
Their laurels,—bathed in blood,—
Shine dimly, glistening through the tears
Of stricken Orphan-hood.
But now no plumèd Warrior comes,
No laurels crown the brow
Of *Him*—before whose sense of right
Have Empires deigned to bow.
A man of peace, yet one who dared
To hurl his gauntlet down,
And stand the “CHAMPION OF FREE TRADE,”
Fearless of scorn or frown !
Then welcome him, this earnest man,
Whose powers of heart and brain,
Whose life-long hope has been to this
Great triumph, to attain—
This “Victor” of a bloodless strife
Who asks no nobler gain
Than that his “Brother Men” should say,
“He has not toiled in vain.”

His deeds let "Trade and Commerce" tell,
Whose flood-gates, opened wide,
For future years rich spoils shall bear
Upon their mighty tide.
His deeds, the League of years gone by,
Our cheapened daily food;—
Ah! men unborn shall truly say
"He worked his country's good."

—*and so on*—

The Sons of Toil.

YE working men, I hold your name
A title proud to bear,
As his who claims to be the Lord
Of acres broad and fair.
Your place may be in Life's dim ways,
Your work obscure, unknown,
While often clouded o'er with care
The toiling years pass on.
What matter tho' the world of wealth
May never hear your name,
Each working man may hold a place
The rich can never claim.
Monarchs of toil, whose strength of arm
And wondrous skill of hand,
Have crowned with mighty monuments
Your own beloved land.

Your hearts may glow with honest pride,
 To feel that British foil
Owes all its glory and its wealth
 To British Sons of Toil.
Hard work, hard fare, may be your lot ;
 But patience to endure
And courage in the hour of pain
 Are learned through being poor.
The hard-earned crust, the lowly roof,
 Great blessings though they be,
Are not enough for all your need,
 Nor all that you shall see :
As ye have skilful hands to work,
 So ye have hearts to feel,
And heads to think what most will make
 Your future woe or weal.
Only to Him who gave you these,
 And to yourselves be true,
And ye shall find what mighty things
 United strength can do.
United striving to seek out,
 For all that's pure and good,
Helping each other on the way
 In loving brotherhood.

Rising above life's meaner things
To seek a higher goal,
Since ye have learned the deepest grave
Can not entomb the soul.
Only have faith—faith in your God,
And faith in fellow-man,
Faith in your own strong earnest will
To do the best you can.

—

Lancashire.

THOU hast thy rivers broad and bright
 Thy rugged, gorse-clad fells ;
 Thy shady nooks, thy murmuring streams,
 Thy sun-lit flowery dells.
 And round thee stand, like sentinels,
 Thy mountains grand and hoar ;
 While ocean's billows foam, and break
 Upon thy pebbly shore.

And in thy midst, like Ethiop-Queens,
 Are cities, fwarth and grand ;
 Whose work achieves, whose wealth upholds,
 The glory of the land.
 "Time-honoured Lancaster," too, holds
 Her "Gaunt's embattled pile,"
 Which, grey and grand, still rears its crest,
 In ancient kingly style.

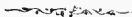
But thou hast more, O Lancashire!
A tale can now be told,
Of greater glory than belongs
To memories of old.
The times of knightly chivalry
Have ages passed away,
But thou of nobler courage tell'st
In this our modern day :

A tale of brave men nerved to bear
The bitterest weight of woe,
With hearts as patient to endure,
As mortal man may know.
God grant the clouds are passing now,
Which wrapt thee in their gloom ;
That never more strong men may starve
Beside the silent loom.

Thine was the pain, O Lancashire!
Thy country's was the pride!
That Faith and Hope were not o'erwhelmed
In such a fearful tide.

The nation laid her offering down,
As friend bestows on friend ;
The nation thanks the patient hearts
Which suffered to the end.

If haply, never more for us
The snow-white crops shall wave ;
If peaceful fields and happy homes,
Become one mighty grave ;
Still o'er the sea from other lands,
We hope the welcome store,
And trust that *thou*, brave Lancashire,
Shall pine in want no more.



Charlwood.

NOT lost! tho' forth from those dull eye
 No soul may seem to shine,
 And though a dark mysterious veil
 Obscures the light divine;
 We must not question Him who made
 His creatures so forlorn,
 But only use love's power to prove
 Not lost the Idiot-born.

Not lost! but won to life and hope,
 By patient, gentle care,
 Although it be but *one* fair flower
 The poor blank life may bear.
 One thought, that God is great and good,
 One hope to gild its way,—
 Though but a single spark gleams forth,
 'Twill that kind care repay.

So thought a noble toiling man,
Whose chosen pathway led
'Midst those dark ways where deepest want
And darkest woe are spread.
He thought, and lo! the princely front
Of Earlswood towered to heaven,
Home of as regal charity
As e'er to woe was given.

He watched it while his life's last sands
Were passing one by one,
Then gently laid him down to die
Ere yet the task was done ;
A monument most coveted,
A good man's legacy,
Left for his country to maintain,
And, reader, left to thee.

Man ! standing proud in giant strength
Of intellect and brain,
O pass not these poor idiots by,
In all their helpless pain,

Without a thought, a pause, a prayer,
On humble bended knees,
That, but for God's great gift to thee,
Thou might be such as these.

Mother! who know'st the heart's deep thrill
Of grateful, warm delight,
When little eyes beam on thine own,
Intelligent and bright;
O feel for these poor human waifs,
Cast on life's stormy tide,
And help the hands which thus have fought
This shelter to provide.

This home for which, in earnest voice,
'Tis charity that pleads,
Sons! Daughters! from your happier spheres,
Come, help us in our needs;
That Heaven will send you recompense,
From whence nor flight nor scorn,
Nor aught but gentlest pitying love,
Beholds the Idiot-born.

Kind Words.

O THEY are gifts of little cost,
 But yet of priceless worth!
 Kind words—I count their tones among
 The precious things of Earth.
 Theirs is the Music of the Hearth;
 Music, whose gentle tone
 Hath mighty power to make the charm
 Of happiness at home.

Kind, gentle words! Who hath not felt
 What balm of healing power
 Distils from their soft influence,
 In Sorrow's darkened hour?
 Low whispering to the poor, crushed heart,
 Hope's precious angel-train,
 That through its tears it may look up
 To Joy, and Peace, again.

Kind Words! Oh use them! Thou shalt find
Them weapons, strong and true,
For work, which Force, and angry threats,
Perchance, have failed to do.
For they have melted stubborn hearts;
And many a wandering one
Has turned upon the downward path,
By power of kindness won.

Great gifts are those of wealth and power;
But cold and drear 'twould be,
Were they our only drifting spars
Upon Life's troubled sea;
For shining gold doth often fail
True comfort to impart;
And burning eloquence doth fall
Coldly upon the heart.

Poor human nature ever craves
Its meed of human love;
"Love one another," spake the lips
Of Him who dwells above.

So let that teaching be our guide :
And when all else doth fail
In woe, or sickness—we shall find
The power of Love prevail !



After the Pestilence, 1849.

THE shade has fallen on many a hearth,
 And dimm'd the sunlight there ;
 And hearts which once with joy were full,
 Are breaking in despair.
 Voices are hush'd which late had borne
 Life's music on their tone ;
 And darling ones have pass'd away
 For ever from their home.

Ye, on whose hearts no sick'ning pang
 Has come from Death's swift hands ;
 Around whose hearth no vacant place
 In desolation stands ;
 No music hush'd, no glad smile pass'd,
 No love and beauty gone—
 No tomb sprung up amid your joys
 For you to weep upon.

O from the homes so richly blessed
Let songs of praise rise up
In gratitude to Him who spares
The bitter from the cup ;
And 'midst your yet unwither'd joys,
Look round on those less blest ;
And learn, oh, deeply learn to feel
Pity for those distress'd.

Ye may not fill the aching void
Of sorrow in the heart ;
But gentle words of sympathy
At least some joys impart.
Tho' myriad gifts are o'er ye flung,
The best that Heaven bestows
Is that blest power of sympathy
For other's joys or woes.

—

Look on the Sunny Side.

STAY ; ye who tread Life's chequered path
 With murmuring on the lip,
 Who grasp the thorns of every flower,
 Nor stop the sweets to sip,
 Grieve not o'er trifles ; this world holds
 Enough of grief beside,
 And ye are blest compared to some—
 Look on the Sunny Side.

Stay ; ye so ready to believe
 Ill of your fellow men ;
 Are ye then faultless, that ye fit
 In judgment over them ?
 None in perfection walk the Earth,
 And faults oft virtues hide ;
 Then judge them lightly, if at all,
 And choose the Sunny Side.

The Sunny Side ; ah me ! to some
 Poor forrow-stricken ones
The words seem shadows of a time
 Whose brightness never comes ;
Or memories of years gone by,
 A glad and blithesome strain
Of music which has bless'd them once,
 But ne'er may wake again.

But, though 'tis so—though o'er your path
 Sorrows fall thick and fast—
Though love has chilled, and many joys
 Are buried in your past—
Though sad, and lone, and desolate,
 You think e'en Hope denied ;
Look up for help, for every life
 Must have a Sunny Side!

—

The Voice of the Fallen.

OUR SISTERS! even ye who sweep
 In lofty virtue by,
 The curl of scorn upon your lip,
 And cold, averted eye;
 And Brothers, too! whose mocking jest
 Is all we dare to claim,
 Tho' from your midst *one first* laid out
 Our wretched path of shame.

Oh pause, and pity; woe is ours!
 Woe, dark, abiding, deep,
 Though ours are hearts that may not break,
 And eyes which may not weep;
 Think not that all our history
 Lies in the practised wile,
 The tinsel garb, the painted cheek,
 The heartless, hollow smile!

Ah no! for *even us* there comes
Dark flooding o'er the foul,
A tide of mortal agonies,
Resistless, past control,
Upon whose waves no glancing light
Of hope may kindled be,
Nought but the blackness of despair
And untold misery.

Yet 'twas not ever thus! far back
The buried Past could show
Fair budding hopes, too bright, too pure
To linger with us now;
When joy and innocence, and love,
And Home's blest household shrine,
Bedeck'd with fairest blossoms,
Were ours, as well as thine.

But now, our eyes may never meet
Affection's answering gaze—
No hallowed love may crown our life
Or weep upon our graves—

No hope, no light for such as we
Sin-stained and sorrow-crushed—
The hard world's unforgiving scorn
Will keep us in the dust.

Is there no kindly voice to plead
In Charity's blest name,
No hand stretched forth in such a cause
To save, to win, reclaim?
No tongue to tell that sin like this
May hope to be forgiven,
And whisper, "E'en for such as these
There may be Peace and Heaven?"

For, with some far-off memories
Of stainless, happy years,
There comes a story lingering still
E'en in our deafened ears,
Of One who raised a Magdalene,
Nor spurned her from His door,
But in His holy Temple said—
"Go forth! and sin no more."

O point the path! some hearts might turn
To seek the better way,
And live to bless the hand which strove
To turn their night to day.
Faint not, tho' hopeless seem the task;
Thrice blest shall be that hand,
Whose strength was given to wipe away
A foul stain from the land.

— — — — —

A Temperance Song.

SHOUT, Britain's sons, your British song,
 Ring forth the noble staves,
 And sound the joyful promise forth,
 Ye never will be slaves.
 For though ye fear no foreign foe,
 And own no despot's thrall,
 Ye have a tyrant in your midst
 More cruel than them all.

'Tis Drink, that fierce relentless foe,
 Who, in his greed of gain,
 Takes youth, and hope, and happiness,
 And strength of arm and brain.
 He robs your manhood of its pride ;
 Your childhood of its grace ;
 And womanhood at his command
 Forgets all pleasant trace.

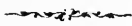
All gentle love, all tender care,
All peace of hearth and home,
Are trampled out, defied, forgot,
Where this fell-fiend has come,
The lives which else had shone so fair,
Are withered by his breath,
And know no other end than these :
Madness, despair, and death.

O, see the ruin of his sway !
See all the woe, and pain,
In places which were happy homes,
Till Drink, the tyrant, came,
And stripped the hearth, once bright and warm,
The board with plenty spread,
And clutched with cruel grasping hands,
The starving children's bread.

This is the despot, brother men,
O spurn his cruel chain,
Sure honest brows will scorn to bear,
His burning brand of shame.

Your skill of hand, your strength of arm,
Your need of honest toil,
God gives you for a noble use,
Not for this demon's spoil.

Then by all happy memories,
All hopes of joys to come,
Pledge honest vows that ne'er again,
His brutish sway you'll own.
And sing again your noble song,
In glad and joyful staves,
Happy, and Free ; God helping us,
"We never will be Slaves!"



The City Missionary.

To some t'is given to tread the path,
 Of Glory, and of Fame,
 To die ere yet the victor's wreath,
 May blossom o'er their name.

And when t'is gained, alas! the meed
 Of long, and toiling years
 So longed for, and so hardly won,
 Is stained with blood, and tears.

A different struggle thine; the fight,
 'Gainst ignorance, and sin,
 In life's dark ways, un Sung, unknown,
 Is yet as hard to win.

The weary days, and anxious nights,
 The efforts oft in vain,
 When drear, and hopeless seems the task,
 The lost ones to reclaim,

Are nobler conquest; and a Crown,
Whose glory shall not die,
Thou, Soldier of the Cross may'st win,
For all Eternity.

—

The Exile's Grave.

'TIS past, thy time of strife and pain,
 Thy life's long agony,
 And thou art gone where strife shall cease,
 And tears be wiped away.
 At Rest—in peace—we leave thee here
 Beneath our English skies,
No longer Exile, in that Heaven,
 Where thy brave soul shall rise :
 Son of that noble Land, for whom
 Thou would'it have died to save,
 Her tyrants cannot reach thee here,
 Within thy quiet grave.
 Our tears avail thee nothing now,
 This shall thy requiem be—
 The Patriots' spirit cannot die,
 And "Poland shall be *Free*."

Stanzas.

ART thou ever the same, with the jest on thy lip,
 And the light laughter flung on thy mirth-loving
 brow?

Are thy joys, and thy sorrows all those of the surface,
 Art thou ever as careless, as mirthful as now?

I would not thou wert like the Summer-winged rover,
 That lightly from blossom to blossom e'er flies;
 Tho' its track be the Sunbeam, its flight ever glowing,
 There's no one to weep when the butterfly dies.

Is the light laugh of pleasure enough to entrance thee?
 Does Life yield thee no deeper blessings than mirth?
 Hast thou never yet lived thro' those thought-hallowed
 moments,
 Which will raise thee far higher than visions of Earth.

Pass on in thy path; may it ever be shining,
 For smiles are the Heaven-sent charters of youth;
 But Oh! may'st thou *too* learn to feel, the deep gladness
 That wells pure and sweet from the fountain of Truth.

In Memory of the Late
S. Gregson, Esq., M.P. for Lancaster.

TOLL deep, toll slow, ye solemn bells!
Grief's saddest music learn,
For one has journeyed from your midst,
To never more return.

Full oft and loud ye've welcomed him
In peals of glad acclaim,
But now strike low, and soft, and sad,
He will not come again.

What tho' he bore the honoured weight
Of man's allotted years,
His vacant place must *here* be marked
With sorrow and with tears.

Missed in yon busy world where late
With his compeers he stood,
Spoke his last words, used his last powers,
To labour on for good.

Missed there : but thou, oh Lancaster !

Tenfold the miss will prove,
For, tho' afar, he may have shone

Thou had'st his heart of love.

And most to thee was that kind voice,

That pleasant, kindling eye ;
That "good, grey head," which never passed
Unmarked, unhonoured, by.

How oft, when wearied with the strife,

He came for peace and rest,
And found them in the quiet scenes
He ever loved the best—

Thy moor, thy river, and thy hills,

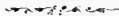
Thy crag-encircled sea,
And far beyond, thy silent peaks
Rising in majesty.

These loved he—but not only these,

His kind and generous heart
Turned to the people of the place,
And filled a brother's part.

No grander monument can be
Than that raised by his hands,
The fane which on yon moorland-side,
In sacred beauty stands.

And many another work of love
Will long his worth proclaim,
And wreath with grateful memories
His loved and honoured name.



Comforted.

ALONE, alone, e'en in the midt,
 Of yonder glittering throng;
 Where every lip bore Pleasure's smile,
 And every voice her song:
 Tho' youth was her's, and all her path
 With gems, and flowers seem'd bright,
 And she upon the shining way,
 Shone as a peerless light.

Young, rich, and beautiful, and yet
 The world's gay thoughtless round
 Of wit and mirth, bore to her heart
 A weary, empty found;
 One voice was hush'd, one heart was cold,
 One dear loved smile was gone,
 And all the rest seem'd nothingness—
 Alas! she was alone.

Where might she flee? where find the rest
Her young heart fought in vain?
Where nurse the grief, which now must shroud
All future years in pain?
That memory of him so loved,
So loving, and so brave,
Sleeping beneath a far-off sky,
Within a foldier's grave.

O should she, wandering 'neath the shade
Of her ancestral trees,
Find comfort in the tears, and sighs
Breathed on each passing breeze;
Or loving sun, and silent stars,
And gentle silvery moon,
Only because their light was shed
Upon that far-off tomb!

Not so! those same bright sun and stars,
Brought to her drooping heart,
Some thoughts of Him who bade them shine,
And gave to each his part

Of light, and labour in the world,
Nor had withheld her own,
Henceforth she too would venture forth,
Nor mourn she was alone.

And He who ruled the waters wild,
And bade the tempest cease,
Looked down upon His weary child,
And softly whispered "Peace:"
Taught her to find in life's dark ways,
Grief deeper than her own,
And learn to feel in healing it,
She need not be alone.

And so her youthful years went by,
When o'er our startled land,
Came tales of sorrow from afar,
Tales of our hero-band,
Who went to battle for th' oppressed
On the Crimean plains,
Dying in bitter cold, neglect,
With none to soothe their pains.

Thither she went, where men's strong hearts
Had sickened, shrunk, and quailed,
Her woman's spirit fainted not,
Her woman's heart ne'er failed :
Within Scutari's 'leagured walls,
Where victims of the war
Lay stretched in life's last agony
From Home, and friends afar.

What wonder that to them she seemed
An angel from above,
Whose white hands smoothed their dying beds—
Whose lips breathed words of love ;
Who pointed up to Heav'n their eyes
And bade them learn in death,
To bear their pain unmurmuring,
And peaceful yield their breath.

What wonder, too, that brightest far
All other names beside,
We English women count her name
Most worthy of our pride ;

And write for her—whose heart leaped up—
At such a noble call,
“Many have wisely done, and well,
But *thou* excellest *all*.”



Wrecked !

IN a lonely corner of the quiet churchyard of the once secluded, but now popular watering-place of Walton-on-the-Naze, apart from other graves, may be seen a small monumental stone—*nameless*; but bearing the word “MISERERE,” with two appropriate texts. This was erected by subscription among some of the visitors who were enjoying the sea-breezes in that locality during the summer of 1856, and whose sympathies were aroused by the sad incident which the following lines will tell :—

POOR broken heart! above thy grave,
 Unhonoured and unknown,
 Shall no relentless words be breathed,
 No stern rebukings come ;
 But tears of pity shed their dew
 Upon that nameless grave,
 Whose only requiem has been,
 The wailing of the wave.

No heart can tell the agony
 Thy quivering spirit bore,
 Ere its fierce madness drove thee on
 To seek th' eternal shore,

And silenced e'en the Mother's voice
In thy grief-stricken breast,
Or, for thy Babe thou might'st have lived,
And left to God the rest.

Oh! that some voice of love had breathed,
In that last dreadful hour,
And poured into thy weary heart
The balm of healing power,—
Had told of Hope, and Peace, and Heaven,
And snatched thee from thy fate,—
For there was even peace for *thee*,
Tho' more than desolate.

We weep for thee, unhappy child
Of sorrow and of shame,
Thy Beauty's sun, gone down for aye,
Behind a clouded name ;
But most we weep the wasted wealth
Of Woman's faith and trust,
The treasure of affection poured
To mingle with the dust.

But there is one, upon whose heart
A weary weight will dwell,
And in whose ears, through life, shall ring
The echo of thy knell, —
In brightest scenes and happiest hours,
A gloomy shade shall fall,
(Tho' fairest flowers his path may strew,)
Dark as funereal pall.

The ashes of thy blasted peace
Shall rise in forms of strife,
And dash with bitterest memories
His sweetest cup of life.
Though far away may be his home
The voices of the sea
Shall haunt his dreams with one sad song—
The memory of THEE.



The Passing Crowd.

IT surges on—sweeps past my gazing eye,
 I, but an unit on the billows borne,
 Of this great torrent of humanity,
 Amid its thousands, friendless, and alone.

On with the busy crowd, yet as I go,
 With curious interest I strive to trace,
 Some glimpses of the hidden heart and life,
 Written upon each silent unknown face.

Here youth's bright eyes and fair unfurrowed brow,
 Tell their own tale of Hope! and light within,
 Undimmed as yet by touch of pain or care,
 Unmarred by the yet deeper stain of sin.

Hard faces meet me—stern-set, brooding brow,
 With lines of Beauty long since clouded o'er,
 And lips compressed with weight of anxious care,
 As if the smile might never part them more.

Here sweeps along—kid-gloved Prosperity,
In speckleless broad-cloth, or in silken sheen,
While Poverty in Rags, cold, gaunt, and pale,
In miserable contrast steps between.

And so it rolls, this mighty tide of life,
Each by a separate impulse swept along,
Each heart's own purposes, and cares, and joys,
Borne silently, and veiled from the throng.

Whither, or to what goal each footstep bends
In Joy, or Sorrow, that I may not know,
Some o'er Life's flowery ways of pleasant ease,
Some o'er the thorny path of Want and Woe.

Nought to the Multitude; yet each a part
Of some loved circle where they reign supreme,
Each dear and beautiful to some fond heart,
Where tears, and smiles may find their answering
gleam.

And each one guided on the busy way,
Watched over by the same unsleeping eye,
Cared for by One—The One who bade them live,
And traced each path beneath his own broad sky.

City Graves.

LITTLE to thee—perchance these plots
 Of homely burial ground,
 Less to the busy world of wealth,
 Which circle them around,
 Yet *all* to some, within whose hearts,
 Long will the memory stay
 Of tender love which blest them once
 For ever past away.

No marble pomp may crown the place,
 No blossoms deck the soil,
 Where peaceful rest 'mid London's strife
 Her sons of want and toil ;
 Yet are they spots of hallowed ground,
 By every tear-drop shed,
 By all the anguish which embalms,
 The Memory of the Dead.

Then let the sleepers rest, while yet
Affection's foot may come,
And wistful pause in tender love,
Beside their last long home.
While yet those eyes which wept so long,
Their yearning gaze may turn,
Where sank the sun-light of their lives
To never more return.

To ev'ry name which love has traced,
Above the burial spot,
The sweep of Time and Change shall come,
And write its doom "Forgot."
Yet for awhile let reverent hands
The spoiler's task delay,
At least till those who loved them once,
Shall all have past away.

City Trees.

BRIGHT TREES! ye're always beautiful,
Dressed in your living green,
Flinging your pleasant shadows down,
With sunlit spots between.
By homes that nestle in your shade,
O'er landscapes smiling fair,
O precious gifts, ye shine, and wave
A blessing everywhere.

But here a tenfold charm ye have,
Here, in the throbbing heart
Of London; claiming even there
For nature still a part,
And flinging o'er the busy way
Where rolls that mighty tide
Of eager, restless human life,
Some pleasant thought beside.

For though some eyes may be too dim,
Some hearts too hard, or cold,
To mark your beauty where ye shed
Your glorious green and gold.
To many another weary one
That beauty shining fair
May bring some hopes of happy things—
Some little rest from care.

The stranger, lonely 'midst the throng,
Afar from friends and home,
May catch a glimpse of leaf and bough,
And feel not quite alone.
His fainting heart bowed down beneath
A weight of anxious fear,
May courage take, and seeing you
Feel that God too is here.

Then spare the City Trees—ye men
Whose eager footsteps press,
To span with works of giant might
This crowded wilderness.

No voice here speaks to stay the course
Of Great Improvement's plan,
But when ye see a pleasant tree,
Oh! spare it, if ye can.

— — — — —

The Poor Man to his Richer Brother,

After a long Season of Distress in the Winter of 1861-2.

THANK GOD! 'tis past—the bitter hour
 Of keenest want and woe.
 How bitter only those can tell
 Who the fierce cravings know
 Of Poverty in *all* its pain—
 Food, light, and warmth denied;
 When other men, more fortunate,
 Enjoy their snug fireside.

Ye felt the blast whose icy breath
 Bound as with iron bands
 Alike the currents and the foil,
 And stopped the willing hands,
 Which else in honest toil had wrought
 To earn their daily bread,
 And keep the shelter of a roof
 Above each weary head.

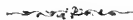
Ye felt it, tho' well clad and filled,
Soft laid, and warmly housed.
Pain,—almost death it seemed to us,
Which but your slumber roused.
O, did your thankful hearts then turn
To help a brother's need?
And open wide a generous hand
The helpless ones to feed?

Ye did, and may a blessing rest—
The blessing of the Poor—
Upon each kindly heart who gave,
From its more liberal store;
That charity, whose rich full streams,
Unchecked, have thus been poured,
In the dark hour of bitter need,
God surely will reward.

If there's a bond 'twixt man and man
More noble and more good
Than all the rest, 'tis, when close linked
In Holy Brotherhood,

They look abroad, and seek to shed
A little gleam of light
Upon the path which else would be
Black, piercing, starless night.

And if a recompense is gained
Sweeter than all the rest,
It waits upon that toil of love
Which, *bleffing*, shall be blest ;
'There flows across the large, warm heart
Which felt a Brother's woes—
A deep, full tide of happiness
'That nothing else bestows.



America in the midst of War.

AMERICA! thou Sister-land
 Bound by no common ties
 To British hearts who link thy name
 With sacred memories;
 We cannot watch with careless eyes
 Or stand indifferent by
 While throbs thine heart's core in the throes
 Of War's great agony.

And yet, 'tis not for North or South
 We, looking from afar,
 Can take the part. We only pray
 One issue from this war:
 And that, thou glorious Western World
 So proudly called "The Free,"
 O'er all thy vast expanse may know
 The truth of Liberty.

We watch and pray, that through thy land
The strife of blood may cease,
That once again serene shall rise
The Holy Star of Peace.
That, where thy swords are laid to rest
Within a blood-stained grave,
There, too, may lie as useless things
The fetters of the Slave!

For we remember 'twas thy soil
Our Pilgrim Fathers trod
When first they wandered forth to find
Freedom, to worship God.
For ever must their memory
Unite our souls to thee,
And by that memory we pray
Thou may'st again be free.

O North! with all thy wealth and strength,
Can nothing now erase
This fierce and bitter strife which burns
In bosoms of one race?

O South! with all thine ancient love
Of noble chivalry,
Can't thou not take thy brother's hand
And fling thy weapons by?

Not grasping take, not craven yield,
But each in sorrow meet
To own ye've much to be forgiven,
And each much to forget.
Then, from thy stormy night may rise
A brighter, clearer day,
And its fair dawn behold thy *curse*
Of Slavery swept away.



Poland in 1862-3.

THE years which brought to other lands
 New hopes, new liberty,
 Have darkly broken on thy shores,
 And borne no joys for thee.
 Poor Poland! yet no falt'ring hands,
 No craven hearts were thine,
 'Midst those who've learned to bear and wait
 Until th' appointed time—

The time when all thy sons might rise
 Bound in one brotherhood,
 To win the freedom of their soil
 E'en with their heart's life-blood.
 And lo, 'tis come! the burning wrongs
 Long stern and silent borne,
 The pent-up passion breaks at length—
 One fierce and mighty storm.

One common vengeance fires each heart,
— One hope burns in each breast,
To break the Muscovite's stern yoke,
 And trust God for the rest.
No thirst of conquest or of gain
 Has borne them thro' this strife,
Who only ask—our human right—
 Sweet Liberty! dear life!

But courage, Poland! that deep wail
 Wrung from thy heart's despair,
Has thrill'd earth's nations and awoke
 Responsive echoes there.
They watch'd thy throes with bated breath:
 Oh! could they bear to see
Thee fall, when one strong helping arm
 Had made thee blest and free?

But thou hast hoped and waited long,
 And in thy night of woe—
Pale—weary-eyed thou wanderest forth
 Thy bitterest fate to know,

And on the heart of Europe laid
Thy hand in trembling quest—
To find it pulseless, cold and still
For all thou lovest best.

Then sadly turned thee back to seek
Thy defoliated throne
To bravely strive and suffer still
Unaided and alone.
Alas! 'tis now a martyr's crown
That shines upon thy brow,
And God, who see'ft all thy pain,
Alone can help thee now.



The Cry from Circassia.

In the summer of 1861, there came to our shores two delegates from Circassia to represent to our Government the hapless condition of their native land, then resisting to the utmost the tyranny of Russia. They were also the bearers of a petition to our Queen, couched in the most pathetic simplicity, that some measures (not warlike, but merely remonstrative) might be taken by England to check that cruel aggression. The sorrowful conclusion of the struggle is known to all, but the following poem is a paraphrase of their touching petition, which may not be so generally known.

O BROTHERS of the fair, free land,
 On the far western wave,
 In this our hour of sad despair,
 We ask your power to save.
 For o'er the distant land and sea,
 To our wild mountain home,
 A tower of strength, a star of hope,
 Your name and fame have come.
 The story of your noble deeds
 For liberty and right,
 Has bade our sad despairing hearts,
 Yet look for joy's sweet light.

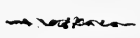
Long years have sped since peace or joy
Have smiled upon our land—
For many years we have fought and bled,
To stay the oppressor's hand—
The grasping power which fain would bind
Our free limbs, with her chain ;
And wipe from out the nations roll,
Circassia's stainless name.
Oh, must it be that thus for aye,
Our out-poured blood and tears,
Must fail to save the homes we've held,
For full five thousand years ?
Why must we see our manhood's prime,
Our fair youth's golden life,
For ever wasted in the throes,
Of this unequal strife ?
While other lands rejoicing, reap
The treasures of their soil,
We dare not stay to taste the sweets,
Of rest or honest toil.
Yet from the Caspian's silver tide,
To Euxine's flowery shores,
The land we yet can call our own,
Is rich in golden stores ;

And Elbrou's mighty steep looks down
Upon a scene as fair,
As though no deeds of bloody strife,
Were daily acted there.
O England, not your wealth, or blood,
But your all-powerful word
We ask, to bid our sorrows cease,
And sheath the despot's sword.
Give this, and we are free; wiped out
Our agonies, our tears:
And in our joy, we may forget
The woes of fifty years.

1864.

Two summers' suns have shed their glow,
O'er English hearths and homes,
Since, o'er the land this last sad wail
Breathed out its mournful tones.
To us, two years of hope, and peace,
But what can now be said
Of those brave, patient, suffering hearts,
Whose last faint hope is dead.
We heard—but heeded not—and they
Far from their own loved land,

Faint, fall, and die—crushed out at last
By Russia's ruthless hand.
Too late—O England, e'en for thee
To help, or save them now ;
Yet Russia with her blood-stained hands,
Is *scarce more wrong* than thou.
But haply, tho' it seem in vain
Thy late repentance comes ;
Though thou can't never build again
Those outraged mountain homes ;
Some kindly sympathy of thine
May soft, and gently fall,
Once, it was granted thee *to help*,
But *now, this* is thy *all*.



Italy and its Liberator.

O ITALY! beautiful Slave of the South,
 How long hast thou languished 'neath tyranny's sway,
 But now may'st thou raise thy fair neck from the dust,
 And hail the bright dawning of Liberty's day!

Thy olive-trees bloomed, and thy Poet-sons sang.
 And the wealth of thy genius went forth o'er the
 earth:

And the stranger-land reaped the rich fruits of thy
 store,

While bleeding and crushed lay the land of their
 birth.

Thy Beauty was ashes! Thy garlands were hung
 O'er a charnel-house foul with deep wrongs, and deep
 woe.

Where a thousand brave hearts of thy noblest and best
 Have groaned forth the anguish no mortal may know.

But the voice of thy groaning kind Heaven has heard,
And has nerved the brave heart of thy lowly-born Son
To fight the hard conflict of Right against Might,
And he lays at thy feet the bright crown he has won!

No dreams of Ambition have stirred that brave heart:—
GARIBALDI! for Freedom alone hast thou striven;
And lo! thou hast triumphed—the land thou hast saved
In deep gratitude lifts up a free voice to Heaven.

And we of the Isle on the far western wave,
Tho' strangers to all but thy world-echoed Name,
Would press thy rough hand in a brother's warm clasp—
Rejoice in thy triumph and honour thy fame!

For truly our hearts have gone forth on thy path:
Tho' in this our free England we never may know
The deep wrongs that have stirred thee to do and to dare,
And strike the foul Upas-tree down at a blow!

Thou wert noble in triumph—O nobler far, now!
In thine islet of peace calmly casting aside
The snares which have dazzled Rome's great ones of yore,
Till they stumbled and fell in the hour of their pride;

There was a moment of sorrow and anguish,
Thy brave heart half-broken by falsehood and wrong;
But time hath brought balm and hath taught us the
 lesson—
By the pain of her heroes doth freedom grow strong.

Yet mayst thou triumph! thy life's noble purpose
Must see its fruition. The work is not done,
Till the Queen of the Sea, and the Seven-hilled City—
Fair Venice, and Rome, are for Italy won.



Anita.

A BRIDAL MORN; but ushered in
 By no superb array ;
 No peal of bells, no sumptuous feast
 Proclaimed her wedding day.
 No gleam of pearl, or silken sheen
 Shone o'er that fair young bride,
 Who stood in holy faith that day,
 By Garibaldi's side.

Yet ne'er were bridal vows breathed forth,
 From heart more nobly true ;
 No deeper love was ever won,
 Than that Anita knew.
 The ardent zeal which filled his breast,
 Flashed in her earnest eye ;
 Ready with him in Freedom's cause
 To conquer, or to die.

Straight from the altar to the fight,
With heart that never quailed ;
While round her fell the rain of death,
She fainted not, nor failed.
This was her bridal ; fitting type
Of all her after-life ;
Where'er the fearless husband went
There went his fearless wife.

At last ! the life of faithful love
Sank in a lonely grave—
She sleeps beneath the southern sky,
Beside the southern wave ;
And woe ! for him to wander forth,
And tread the world alone ;
Whatever time might keep in store,
It seemed that love was gone.

Yet 'tis not so,—the babe whose smile
Had made their struggles sweet,—
Drew with his life the same true soul
That in her bosom beat.

Menotti stands, a living shield
By his brave father's side ;
Love had not faded from his life
Although Anita died.



Aspromonte.

"ROME OR DEATH!" the cry thrilled forth
 Upon the startled air—
 Not shouted in defiant tones,
 But in imploring prayer.
 While through the Autumn's clustering vines
 A Patriot-band passed by;
 Their Southern natures all aglow,
 Their bosoms beating high.

For once, again, their Chieftain's voice
 Had called them from afar—
 Once more their Chieftain's flag unfurled,
Italia Unita!
 And "ROME OR DEATH!" Marsala heard
 And echoed forth the cry;
 Palermo's thousands thrilled to see
 The far-off hope drawn nigh:

“ROMO-O-MORTE!” Catania’s voice
The midnight silence broke—
As with one start, and with one voice
The sleeping City woke.
And oh! for that great noble heart,
Could *less* than Rome suffice?
The hope of all those patient years
Of toil and sacrifice!

O, but to free their country’s hands
From odious foreign chain,
And see the crown of ancient days
Upon her brow again!
So through the fragrant myrtle bowers
They sped their hopeful way;
Their morrow brightened with the glow
That lit their yesterday.

There was a waking from that dream,
That sunlight sank in shade;
They went to strive for Italy—
But Italy betrayed!

So Aspromonte! 'twas for thee
To hear the parting knell
Of truth in kingly gratitude
When Garibaldi fell!

He fell—and long death hovered o'er
His prison-couch of pain,
But God in mercy brought him back
To life and hope again.
And now, O Country, twice enriched,
He still exists for thee—
Not "ROME OR DEATH," but "ROME AND LIFE,"
To win for Italy.

—no. 111—

A Welcome to Garibaldi.

CROWNED kings and mighty potentates
 Have fought our island shore,
 Laden with gifts of gems and gold
 To add unto our store.
 To many a noble one we've given
 A welcome full and free,
 But none more earnest or more true
 Than that which waits for thee.
 Hero and Patriot, loved by all
 Who only know thy name,
 Which o'er a slowly waking world
 In startling magic came,
 Coupled with deeds so great, and rare
 That, when their tale was told,
 It seemed as we had turned to read
 Some wondrous page of old.

Uncrowned and sceptreless thou comest,
Yet not the less a king,
Whose honoured name, o'er history's page,
A glorious light shall fling
Great as Leonidas of old,
And yet a greater one
Than Rienzi—Rome's patriot son,
And last ill-starred tribune.
Though the long years we sadly gazed
O'er those fair classic plains,
And palace-crested hills which lay
Crushed in the tyrant's chains;
That land of sunshine, flowers, and song,
The home of tears and gloom,
Beneath whose cloudless Heaven stood
St. Elmo's living tomb.
We fought and waited, 'till at length,
Triumphant o'er her foes,
Strong-nerved, thy Italy to save,
Thou, GARIBALDI, rose.
And England's heart went with thee then
Upon thy conquering way—
The same great heart which proudly bids
Thee welcome here to-day.

It is alone that thou hast trod
Italia's flavedom down,
Nor that such stirring memories wreath
About thy laurel crown—
Of royal Naples won to life,
Of Capua free once more,
Varese unbound, and Freedom's song
By Como's lovely shore.
Nor less those Aspromontine plains
Stained with the martyr blood
Of one who only fought to work
An ingrate country's good.
We welcome thee, and honour thee,
Most for that loyal heart,
Whose high ambition could afford
To set itself apart,
And let the crown and sceptre pass,
As glittering baubles by,
Whilst thou, unbought, content, and poor,
Still liv'st for liberty.

— — — — —

Farewell to Garibaldi.

FAREWELL ! We speak the parting words
 Reluctant, sad, and slow,
 And feel, with bosoms strangely stirred,
 We scarce can let thee go.
 We fain had held thee longer here,
 Most loved, most honoured guest ;
 But, trusting thee, we strive to feel
 E'en this is for the best.

To welcome thee, our palace gates
 Were widely open flung !
 To welcome thee, our teeming throngs
 Thy name in rapture sung !
 And Garibaldi, in *thy* heart
 We know will be enshrined
 Fond memories of the English shores
 Thou leavest far behind.

Once, *but a name* upon our lips :
We hail thee *Brother* now :
We've grasped thy hand, we've gazed upon
Thy grave and kindly brow.
Thy pleasant presence in our midst—
Thy smile—thy earnest tone—
Are memories that will keep their charm
For many a year to come.

Thou'rt gone ! But *now* new power shall gild
The prestige of thy name :
A new-born strength of heart and arm
Shall nerve thee in thine aim
When on thy conquering march to win
All that is good and free !
Thou knowest—and the world, too, knows—
That England is with thee.

Then, fare-thee-well, Guest—Brother—Friend !
The lessening sail which bears
Thee to thy lone and sea-girt home
Is freighted with our prayers,

Our sympathy, our love, our hopes,
That thou wilt strength regain,
And in some brighter, happier days,
Come to our land again.

— — — — —

To His Royal Highness the Prince
of Wales.

AS from a starless night of gloom
Breaks forth the joyful day,
Whose golden hues of new-born light
Chafe all the clouds away ;
So, merging from its clouds of grief,
The Nation hails the dawn,
And greets with joy, Young Prince of Wales,
Thy happy Wedding Morn.

Hark ! o'er the land ten thousand spires
Peal forth their glad acclaim,
And every English heart invokes
A blessing on thy name ;
And prays for life-long happiness
For thee and thy fair Bride,
Whose love may bring thee greater joy
Than all thy wealth beside.

Whose young life holds thy Truth, thy Faith,
 Thine heart's-love all her own ;
 Gems of a lustre brighter far
 Than even England's crown ;
 And counts the privilege more dear
 To share a happy home,
 Than all the glitter of a Court,
 Or glory of a Throne.

Born to Earth's noblest heritage,
 Our Hope, our Pride, our Heir ;
 The "triple plume" ne'er waved above
 A princely path more fair.
 No longer 'mid the battle borne,
 A Victor's flaming crest,
 In Peace its ancient glory shines,
 With ten-fold lustre blest.

God send thee ever Peace and Joy—
 Peace in thy palace-home ;
 Peace over all thy broad fair realm
 That hails thee as her own.

May our lov'd Albert's wife, pure life,
In thine reflected be,
That Queen and People both may feel
He lives again in thee.

— — — — —

England's Welcome to Her Royal Highness
the Princess Alexandra of Denmark,
our future Queen.

ALEXANDRA! from thy northern home,
Across the stormy sea,
To our fair Island of the West,
In joy, we welcome thee.

Our cannons boom, our banners wave,
Joy-bells from spire and dome,
And earnest voices, welcome thee
To thine adopted home.

Our garlands wave their wreaths of bloom,
Bright o'er thy fair young head;
And maidens strew the path with flowers
Where first thy feet shall tread;

And, with our glittering array
Of ancient pomp and pride,
We hail thee, Daughter of the Land,
Our Prince's chosen Bride!

Though still perhaps thine heart may ache
 With pain of parting tears,
 Shed o'er thy Fatherland and home
 Of all thy happy years.

Yet weep not. Maiden never won
 A brighter destiny
 Of princely wealth and regal power
 Than that which waits for thee ;

But more than these : a happier lot
 Than crown or throne might prove :
 Thou comest to share, with Albion's heir,
 A Home of Peace and Love !

And, many-voiced, the nation prays
 That sky which looks so fair,
 May ne'er for thee be shaded o'er
 With clouds of grief or care.

But long, long years of happy life
 To thee and thine be given ;
 Bright earnest of a brighter one
 Which waits for thee in Heaven.

Address to our beloved Queen on the
Marriage of the Prince of Wales.

DEAR Sovereign Lady of our Land,
 So lov'd through happy years,
 And held in deeper reverence,
 In sorrow and in tears ;
 The people of thy gentle sway,
 In tender silence stood ;
 Whilst o'er thee swept the first dark waves
 Of thy sad Widowhood.

We wept, and ever weep with thee
 By thy lov'd Albert's tomb,
 Whose life so wise, so pure, so great,
 Was quenched in Death so soon ;
 As we have grieved, so in this hour
 Of deep and chastened joy,
 We gently at thy feet would lay
 A Nation's sympathy.

O may thine heart be glad once more,
 May children's loving care
Pierce through the clouds which shroud its joy
 And paint a rainbow there ;
We pray that new-born hopes and joys
 Thy future years may blefs,
And bid that tender heart awake
 Anew to happiness.

May He who watches o'er thy path
 His heavenly peace fend down,
And grant the current of thy life
 May tranquilly glide on ;
And that pure shrine of household love,
 Bless'd by His gracious hand,
Still shed its hallowed influence
 O'er our well favor'd land !

In Memory of Mrs. Mary Wood,
Chicago, America.

IN MEMORY; in memory of one
 Who walked Life's journey as 'tis feldom trod,
 Bright witness of the Faith which ruled her life
 And made it beautiful, to man and God.
 A life of gentlest charity, and love
 Shedding far round the lustre of its rays
 Whose calm consistency and holy truth
 Graced her fair youth, and crowned her latest days.

In loving memory of her whose love
 Made her far home a place of peaceful rest
 Through all life's storms, in every grief and care,
 To those who 'neath her influence were blest.
 Wife, mother, sister, friend, in all
 Life's sweet relationships, she filled her part
 Perfect before His sight, who only knows
 The inmost workings of His creature's heart.

In forrowing memory of her who sleeps
In her far grave, acrofs th' Atlantic fea,
Whofe voice and fmile may never more rejoice
The heart who treafured her dear memory,
Mourning; yet not as others mourn; for fhe
In joy has entered her eternal reft,
In the fair land where grief may never come,
Happy for ever, and for ever bleft.



“Not Dead, but Gone Before.”

DEAR LITTLE ADA: ah! how soon
 The golden links were riven;
 How soon thou’st winged thine angel-flight
 Back to thy native heaven.

Thy parents weep; ah, could their care
 Have kept thee by their side,
 Or tenderest love availed thee aught,
 Thou, darling, had’st not died.

They loved thee, but ’twas thine to know
 An even greater love,
 E’en His who took thee from their arms
 To dwell with Him above.

Took thee in earliest morning hours
 While thy fair infant life
 Scarce stained by sin, unknown to woe
 Passed from a world of strife.

Dear cherished one ; how hard it seemed,
To lay thee down so soon ;
And feel how many happy hopes
Lie broken in thy tomb.

But it is best ; for who can tell
What weight of grief or care,
If to thy life long years had come,
Thou might'st have had to bear ?

Thy tiny grave, beneath the trees,
May call forth bitter tears,
And pierce with many a sorrow-pang
The joy of future years.

But thou art blest, at rest for aye,
Free from all grief and pain ;
And thou shalt lead their hearts to where
Ye all shall meet again.

— — — — —

Consolation.

O MOTHER ! e'en in this sad hour
 Of deep, and bitter Grief,
 Be comforted, for He who smites,
 Doth also send relief.
 Be comforted, tho' in thy pain,
 The joy Existence gave,
 Seems buried where thy dear one sleeps
 Within her early grave.

For many a Mother, weeping, too,
 For a beloved One gone,
 May have no anchor, such as thine,
 In storms to rest upon.
 No Faith like thine whose eye can see,
 Beyond the silent grave,
 The Glory of the Life He gives,
 Who gave His own to save.

And many passing through the Shade,
Like her in Life's bright Youth,
Have passed beneath the awful porch,
Unknowing Hope, or Truth.
Or Faith like hers, whose mighty power,
Bridged o'er the gulf of Death,
And bade her sing of Peace, and Heaven
E'en with her latest breath.

'Tis hard to leave her cold, and lone,
The nestling of thy breast,
But sweet to think of her above,
Safe, happy, and at rest.
'Tis hard to feel her loving voice,
From hence has ever gone,
But sweet to think that voice is raised
In praise before the Throne.

She passed in brightest morning hours,
E're shade of doubt or care
Had touched her heart—but who knows what
Years might have brought to bear?

'Tis well: The Hand who gave Thy child,
Sent e'en this stroke in love,
The bud ye mis' fo' fore at home
Is safer far above.

— — — — —

To the Queen, on the Death of her late
Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

ROYAL LADY! while thou weepest forth
Thine heart's great weight of grief,
In this sad hour when all thy state
Can bring thee no relief—
The People of thy gentle rule
Stand hushed and silent by ;
And softly at thy feet would lay
A nation's sympathy.

As in thy golden hours of joy,
We, too, have gladdened been ;
And gloried in the happiness
Of our Beloved Queen—
So do we mourn o'er that first shade
Which on thy path is shed ;
And tenderly would weep with thee
O'er that Beloved Dead.

And many-voiced, in earnest tones,
 A Nation's prayers ascend,
 That thou wilt heavenly comfort gain
 From HIM, the Mourner's Friend ;
 And e'en rejoice so fair a life
 Such peace in death has won,
 And everlasting bliss been gained
 For thy departed one.

The tenderest memories will fling
 A halo round her name,
 Whose gentle wisdom led thy youth,
 And blessed thy happy reign.
 And now a brighter diadem
 Than ever monarch wore,
 Graces her brow, in that blest Land
 Where pain shall be no more !



A Nation's Wail on the Death of Albert, the Consort of the Queen.

DARK is the shadow, and bitter the sorrow,
 Which wide o'er the breadth of our Country is
 spread :

Loud and deep is the cry of her great lamentation—
 The voice of a Nation bewailing her dead !

Death has entered the Palace—fulfilled his dread mission ;
 Desolation sits brooding in that Royal Home,
 Where late the pure joys of domestic affection
 Eclipsed e'en the splendour which circled the Throne.

O well may ye weep—Sons and Daughters of England !
 O'er the Presence departed which lately did shine
 As the noblest of Princes, the pride of the Nation,
 Passed away in the glory of Manhood's fair prime.

The grey Castle stands in its old regal grandeur,
 Holds still the cold glitter of sceptre and sway—
 But all that remains of its dearly loved Master,
 Is a cold, shrouded form of insensible clay !

Mourn!—not for him—since the God who has
 smitten

Knoweth best His own time; and “His great will
 done;”

Since we dare to believe that the loved Prince
 departed

Has exchanged Earth’s poor state for a far brighter
 home!

But weep for our Sovereign, for her Children thus
 stricken;

Overwhelmed in the anguish of this mighty grief.

Alas for such sorrow!—*One* only can soothe it—

May He look on the Mourners, and send them relief!

Poor Queen!—written “*Widow*”—so late blest and
 happy!

Less our pride as a Monarch, than Mother and Wife;

We mingle our tears o’er the Grave where has faded

For ever, the love-light which gladdened thy life.

Beloved of thy people—twice dear in thy sorrow!

Every heart shares thy grief, every lip breathes a
 prayer:

God comfort and bless thee, till, in His own season,

He calls thee, the bliss of thy lost one to share.

The Children's Appeal.

“ONLY THE LITTLE ONES,” you say,
 “Stopping us on our busy way—
 Small pleadings—pass them by.”

Ah! ye the rich and well-to-do,
 With Children blest, and happy too,
 Lift to our lowly cry.

We, Children of the suffering Poor,
 Your kind and generous help implore
 To raise a Sunday School,
 Where we may learn Truth's pleasant ways,
 Be taught to know in early days
 Religion's gentle rule.

Our lives are hard; alas! 'tis ours
 To gather more of thorns than flowers
 Along the rugged road;
 But ye may bless our lowly lot,
 Teach us to bear, and murmur not,
 And lift our hearts to God.

O tender hearts ! by all the love
Upon your own bestowed—
By all your blessings given—
Let us too learn of higher life,
Of strength to meet the world's fierce strife,
Of peace and rest in Heaven.

— — — — —

The City Hospital.

GIVE, GIVE! how oft the hungry call
 Has fallen on your ear,
 Burthened with many a plaintive sigh,
 And many a falling tear;
 So oft, perchance, that in thy heart
 The sunny, loving ray
 Of Charity—sweet Charity—
 Hath almost died away.

Yet here it comes, with greater force;
 O close not heart and hand,
 But, by the noblest impulse led,
 Bid thy whole soul expand—
 Expand, and melt; that sick, and sad,
 And suffering ones may find
 By thy free, generous, gracious aid
 That "Charity is kind."

Though now the tide of life and health
Glides calmly through each vein,
Clear brains to think, strong arms to work,
And scarce a thought of pain ;
Yet think thee of those days gone by
When life was not so fair,
When pain and sickness made that life
A burden hard to bear.

When by thy couch of languishing,
The tenderest care and love
Spent all their power of gentleness,
Yet often failed to soothe,
Till the Great Healer's gracious hand
Rolled back the tide of pain,
And gave once more the precious gifts
Of health and strength again.

In grateful memory of that time
Your willing offerings bring
For those who suffer all the pain
With Want's sharp, added sting,

But who may find the help they need
In these wide-opened doors,
If only Charity will give
Some of her blessed stores.

~~—~~

A Plea for Ragged Schools.

STAY: ye who tread life's pleasant ways,
 Whose path lies through the flowers;
 Bright skies o'er head, and scarce a cloud
 To shade the summer hours.
 It may be, in your favored lot
 Not many thoughts arise
 Of that great misery which lives
 Beneath the same bright skies,
 Which round your path, within your reach,
 Drags out its weary life
 Of craving want, and gaunt despair,
 And sin's unholy strife;
 Not many thoughts (while round your knees
 Your little children press,
 And warm your heart with sunny smile
 And innocent cares,)
 Of childhood in another guise,
 Bereaven of its grace,
 Shorn in the sorrow of its birth
 Of every pleasant trace.

Yet such there are, but o'er their fate,
 There dawns a glimmering ray,
Which, with God's help, at length may break
 Into meridian day.
Blessings on those who've lent their zeal
 To feed, to teach, reclaim,
And lead these "Arabs of the street"
 To win a better name.
To find that they may share the gifts
 God's gracious hands send down—
For them the recompense of toil—
 For them a heavenly crown.
Workers for good: O may ye find
 Rich harvest for your toil,
Fair flowers, and fruits to spring to life
 E'en from this barren soil.
Still from the blackness of their lot
 Bright gems may sparkling shine;
Still from the darkness may break forth
 The latent spark divine,
Which kindling 'neath the influence
 Of gentle, guiding hand,
May make our Ragged Schools to be
 The blessing of the land.

The Power of Small Things.

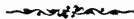
AS drop by drop, the ocean vast
 Swelled 'neath its Maker's hand ;
 As grain by grain, the mighty hills
 Rose o'er the pleafant land ;

As leaf by leaf, and bud by bud,
 And blade by blade unfurled,
 A myriad tiny things make up
 The beauty of a world.

And as the works of human skill,
 The pride of many a land,
 The palace dome, the giant bridge
 Have, ftone by ftone, been fpanned ;

So, in the hiftory of our lives,
 The law is ftill the fame
 A thoufand trifles make the fum,
 Of happinefs, or pain.

Small deeds of help, small words of love,
Dropped on this path of ours
May make the rugged way all bright
With sunshine, and with flowers.



The First Decade, 1861.

TEN YEARS AGO, my dearest love,
 Ten years ago to-day ;
 Since that bright morn, when hopefully
 We started on our way.
 Joined heart, and hand, and pledged to walk
 Life's chequered journey through,
 In undivided Love, and Trust,
 Firm, faithfully, and true.

Ten happy years ! tho' in their sweep
 Some changes have been cast
 About our path ;—yet Love and Faith
 Have ne'er been overcast.
 Care's finger, too, some deeper lines
 Upon thy brow has traced ;
 And the world's harsh hands, some early dreams
 May rudely have effaced.

Yet ours has been a bleiséd lot,
Our Sorrows have but been
Like birds of passage, fled away,
And left our lives serene.
Men praise thee : and my proud heart beats
To know through rising Fame,
Beside our quiet hearth at home,
'Thy love is still the same.

Ten years ago, we were but two,
Now, round our lives is bound
Five-fold—a bright and flowery chain,
Strong, circling us around.
And the glad sound of Childhood's voice,
Makes music in our home,
And cheers our hearts with brightest hopes
Of happy years to come.

God grant, dear love, the brightest ones,
May full fruition see ;
And Wife, and Children ever prove
True blessings unto thee.

And thankfully we'll raise our hearts,
To that Almighty Friend,
Who thus has blest us, and we trust
Will bless us to the end.



Parting Adverts to a Dear Brother.

FAREWELL, DEAR BOY, if earnest prayers,
 A thousand in an hour,
 Breathed from the hearts who love thee well,
 To Heaven's protecting power—
 If warmest wishes can avail
 Thy future lot to bless,
 Then will thy path be bright indeed
 With life-long happiness.

Farewell! and when thou'rt far away
 From thy dear childhood's home—
 When to thy heart the tender pain
 Of memory shall come—
 Whether beneath the stranger sky,
 Or on the deep, wild sea—
 Believe, our fondest memories
 Will EVER COMPASS THEE;

For we shall, oft and sadly, miss
Thy pleasant voice and smile,
Whose music, by the hearth thou'lt left,
Would many an hour beguile ;
Yet tho' for many weary months
Thy vacant place we mourn,
We look, on some bright future day,
To hail thy bright return.

Thine onward path looks bright and fair—
Thus may it ever be ;
And fairest hopes and brightest dreams
Their full fruition see ;
And may the sorrow of this hour—
This pain of parting tears—
Be all forgotten in the smiles
Of future happy years.

Remember this: when upward thou
Thy wondering glance shall turn
To that great canopy of Heaven,
Where tropic glories burn,

It is the same fair sky that shines
Above thine own dear land,
Spread by the same Almighty power,
The same protecting hand.

And to the hand of that dear God,
We, trusting, leave thee now ;
And may He lead and guide thee safe
Thy life's whole journey through.
Look up to Him ! for in His love
Thou safely may'st depend ;
And then in form or shine thou'lt find
An everlasting Friend.



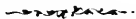
Reminiscences.

OLD HOUSE! Old Home of happy years!

I cannot pass thee by
 With careless steps of unconcern,
 Or cold, indifferent eye :
 I yet must tread thy silent rooms
 With fond and clinging heart,
 Though cold, and bare, and desolate,
 And tenantless thou art.
 Strangers will hold thee for their own,
 And nevermore mine ear
 Shall catch, within thy well-known porch,
 The welcome held so dear.
 Though grand in modern style and taste
 The new abode may stand,
 Though thither with glad steps I seek
 The dear-loved household band,—
 Yet thy green nooks of leafy shade,
 Thy corners quaint to see,
 Grown out of fashion to some eyes,
 Will still be dear to me.

It does not seem so long ago
When, to my childish eyes,
Fresh from th' unlovely streets, thou wert
A very paradise !
And swift, beneath thine honoured roof,
The years have swept away,
Calmly and kind, with scarce a shade
Flung o'er the pleasant way.
Changes have come : the glossy curls
That graced our Mother's brow,
Once black as raven's ebon wing,
Are mixed with silver now ;—
And twenty years of busy toil,
Have left their silent trace,
Though writ in soft and gentle lines,
Upon our Father's face.
Beneath thy roof the nestlings grew,
And their young wings unfurled,
Then from its safe and pleasant shade
Flew forth into the world.
Yet never, never, to forget
Their childhood's happy home,
And oft, beside its social hearth,
A joyful band to come.

Nor hast thou lost thy charm ; that now
Come children not a few,
Another bright-faced band who've learned
To know and love thee too.
This much, and more, I reverent feel
For thee, Old House, Old Home,
Such blessing has hung o'er thy roof
That few can call their own.
With deepest thankfulness to God,
O let the words be said,
For us thy walls have never held
The dear, the cofined dead.
O may the same good, gracious power
That thus has blessed thee so,
Alike watch over "Sunnyfide,"
And equal gifts bestow :
For *there* are those who made thee dear,
And *there* our hearts must dwell,
Though thus I say, with moistened eyes,
Old House,—Old Home,—Farewell !



Richard Cobden,

Died April 7th, 1865.

Lo! England mourns her dead once more,
 Another noble one
 Has left his place, and laid him down,
 Before his work seemed done.
 Her Senate has a vacant place,
 Which through the years to come,
 Will sacred to his memory stand,
 Her latest patriot son.

Finished on earth, the life twice crowned
 With glorious deeds and rare—
 Achieved through long and waiting years
 Of patient toil and care.
 And hushed the voice, and still the lip,
 O'er which so oft has rolled
 The burning eloquence of truth,
 Resistless, uncontrolled.

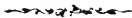
Great, and above earth's empty things
Of gilded pomp and pride ;
Quiet he passed along his path,
And unadorned he died.
Yet what will future ages tell
Of that plain patient life,
What triumphs gained, what battles won,
In noble bloodless strife ?

Of ancient prejudice o'ercome,
And flood-gates open hurled,
To let the tide of commerce free
For England and the world.
While poverty took from his hands
The boon of cheapened food—
And unborn tongues shall echo still,
"He worked his country's good."

While 'neath the pleasant country trees
We see him laid to rest,
And feel 'tis better he should sleep
With those he loved the best,

Yet the Royal Minister by the Thames
Had been a fitting shrine,
For one who thought, and lived, and strove,
The purest of his time.

Peace and farewell, great dead—men's strife
Shall never pain thee more—
The peace and joy of heaven are thine
To hold for evermore.
And humbler lives may catch from thine
Some beams of that pure light,
Which flings a halo round thy name,
So radiantly bright.



Abraham Lincoln,

Assassinated April 14th, 1865.

A PAUSE of quiet in the storm,
 A dream of sorrow past,
 An eager whispering of hope
 That Peace was near at last;
 And then—Oh! who can probe the depths
 Of that recoil of pain,
 When lips in horror told the tale
 Of LINCOLN basely slain?

Dead; dead—and swift thro' North and South
 The wail of anguish went;
 Dead! dead! "And who shall now avenge
 The murdered President?"
 Aiked voices breaking with the pain
 Of bitter tears unshed,
 As the awed millions gazed their last
 Upon the martyred dead.

Laid in his last long sleep, methinks
'Tis nothing to him now,
That Death came in such awful guise,
To smooth his care-worn brow ;
And fold the wings of heavenly Peace
Around that honest breast,
Which burdened with it's country's woe
Might well have longed for rest.

'Tis nothing now, what blame or praise
The voice of man bestowed,
He trod a straight and honest path
And left the rest with God.
And tho' his silent death-sealed lips
Will never speak again,
The mighty echo of his voice
For ever will remain.

That voice, which rising 'mid the storm,
Calm, resolute and brave,
Dared to proclaim thro' blood and scorn
The freedom of the Slave!

The present, blind, and deaf and dumb,
 It's best things may not see,
But future years will bless his name,
 Who stamped that future *free*.

He is avenged—not by the blood
 Of yon poor wasted life—
Avenged by purer, nobler things,
 Than these sad scenes of strife;
Avenged by all the manhood won
 From Slavery and Chain,
By all the joy that has eclipsed
 The memory of pain.

Avenged by all the bliss that thrills
 The mother's grateful heart,
Who knows that *now* she need not fear
 From home and babes to part.
Avenged by every bright young life
 To hope and gladness given,
By every soul *of these* redeemed
 To share the joys of heaven.

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THE Authoress has much pleasure in thanking her Friends for their kind and prompt Subscription to her little Volume, and ventures to hope that "THE TALK OF THE HOUSEHOLD" will be a fresh link in the chain of Friendship thus formed, and, therefore, considers it only due to them that their names should be associated with her humble efforts.

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